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Marjorie Allen Seiffert

Of icy fire—eternity and death.
Then leaves fall softly on your head.

NOCTURNE

The moonlit hill
And the black trees
Where a hidden bird
Sings and is still—
Even these
Leave me unstirred.

I am hidden deep,
Like the secret bough
Of a tree in leaf.
I am safe asleep—
What can touch me now
Of joy or grief?

For night and noon
The sky is shut,
The winds are dumb;
Behind the moon
No gates are cut
For the winds to come.

Could wind from the moon
Sweep down until,
Like a winter tree,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

My leaves were strewn
On the moonlit hill
And I stood free,

Beauty and pain
Would touch me now
With bitter cold,
As moonbeams rain
Through a naked bough
When the year is old.

Marjorie Allen Seiffert